

2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]

Haha

For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)
Livin' the life of a ghetto star
(you know) You know how we do it hahaha
Makaveli

[2Pac:]

Just holla my name and witness game official
Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches
While I remain inside a paradox called my block
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried
I send they bodies to they parents up North
With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter
Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?
Bring it on, forever strapped
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far
Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight
Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life
Laced with game, practice on takin' pain
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain
Street smart, proficient, intelligent
And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it
Movin' niggas with telekinesis
Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features
Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone
And hope niggas got punished
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in
Back[?] - we tossed his ass out
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G
Now the next generation's lookin' at me through [?]

[2Pac:]

Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me
Please give me shelter, calm my fears
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears
I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Nutt-So:]

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

[2Pac:]

When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star

[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]

This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)
(smokin' weed)
I see you
Live your life as a ghetto star
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood
Claimin' gettin' riches
(spank bitches ain't new)
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star
(this is still 70 south)
Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you
It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

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